

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

## Moon Lore.

List not, at the rising of the moon,  
Take the blossoms at thy feet;  
For all their sighings are atone,  
To thoughts of thee; and thou,  
My sweet—  
My sweet!  
Will learn this secret over soon!

Lift not unto the moon thine eyes,  
Take the Endymion loved, of old;  
My love she knows, through all disguise,  
My love in hers will thou behold.  
Behold—  
An open secret in the skies!

Nor by the unstill'd, moonlit stream  
Take thou thy way; lest, all too true,  
Its liquid lips repeat the theme;  
The river can but seek the sea.  
The sea—  
Even as I seek my goal supreme!

—Edith Thomas.  
**Miss Pace's Engagement.**  
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Pace announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel Randolph, to Dr. Victor Newman, M.D., prominent socially and professionally in Louisville, Ky. The wedding will take place in the latter part of April. The announcement is one of the most interesting of the spring season.

**Lanier-Berry.**  
The marriage of Miss Alberta Wilson Berry, the sister of Mr. Oscar H. Berry, to Major Alexander Sidney Lanier, will take place quietly in the home of Miss Berry, DuPont street, on account of the bride-elect's mourning the ceremony will be witnessed only by the relatives of the contracting parties.

**Naumann-Spurr.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Spurr have sent out cards for the wedding of their daughter, Elsie Amelia, and Mr. Otto Bernard Naumann. The ceremony will take place at Union Station Church, Tuesday, February 28th, at 6:30 P. M. Miss Spurr is a popular and known young lady of the East End, and Mr. Naumann has his residence on the Mechanicsville Turnpike, near the city.

**Lee-Meade.**  
In Meade Memorial Church, White Post, Va., the marriage of Miss Janie Brockenbrough Meade, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Grymes Meade, to Mr. John Calhoun Lee was celebrated yesterday, February 22d, at 7 o'clock in the evening. Immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Lee left for a Northern wedding tour. They will reside at "Gulfport," Mr. Lee's handsome estate, when they return.

**Dinner on Prairie.**  
A dinner in honor of Miss Neddie Sandford, of Portsmouth, Va., and Lieutenant William Brackett, United States Marine Corps, whose engagement has been recently announced, was given last Saturday evening on board the United States training ship, Prairie.

The table decorations were American Bibles and carnations. The health of the bride and groom-elect was drunk and the ship's band furnished music for a much-enjoyed after-dinner dance. Those invited were Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Clark, Lieutenant and Mrs. Dunt, Lieutenant and Mrs. Loring, Lieutenant and Mrs. Williams, Miss Sanford, Misses Susie, Pauline and Julia Persons, Miss Susie Grace, Miss Kate Gibson, of New York; Chaplain Jones, Dr. Pugh, Ensign Kinney and Lieutenant Brockett.

**Snow Ball.**  
The following account taken from the columns of the "Lynchburg Advance" of Tuesday, February 21st, in regard to an entertainment to be given for the Needy Confederate Woman's Home, this city, will prove interesting. It says: "The morning at the residence of Mr. Camillus Christian, on Court Street, a special meeting of the Needy Confederate Women's Home, this city, was held for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the presentation of 'Snow Ball' by the K. K. Dramatic Club, which is to be for the benefit of the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond. The attendance of members was large; Mrs. J. J. Christian presided, and Miss Anna Lind Forsberg acted as secretary pro tem.

A communication from the D. A. R. was presented by the regent, Mrs. John D. Horeley, asking that this organization be permitted to share in the expense and labor of the forthcoming entertainment. While the value of such co-operation was fully appreciated, the request had to be declined, inasmuch as many of the present plans would conflict with the arrangement, and lack of time precluded any changes.

The entertainment was then fully discussed and it was arranged that several pleasing specialties should be introduced between the acts, chief of which will be character impersonations by Mrs. A. Lynch Ward and vocal sketches by Mr. Dudley Holt.

The following committees were then appointed: On Music and Program—Mrs. Hubert B. Watts. On Decorations and Stage Property—Mrs. C. M. Guenzelheimer, Mrs. Withers P. Clark, and Mrs. John D. Christian. On Tickets—Miss Anna Lind Forsberg. The committee from the K. K. Dramatic Club to confer with the Old Dominion Chapter consists of Miss Paul Edwards, Miss Virginia Goodwin and Mr. R. T. Watts, Jr.

**For Ragged Mountain Mission.**  
A pleasant event of yesterday was the musicale, given at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, under the auspices of St. Hilde's Guild, of St. Paul Church, for the benefit of the Ragged Mountain Mission. Those taking part in the program included Miss Kowles, Miss Reinhardt, Miss F. C. Givens, and others. The audience and made of the occasion a fine success artistically and financially.

Officers and members of St. Hilde's Guild are: Mrs. K. R. Branch, Mrs. George B. McAdams, Mrs. John G. Blair, Mrs. Hugh Miller, Misses Louise McAdams, Julia Adams, Elsie Anderson, Fannie Holston, Lou Belle Jones, Courtney Crump, Ruth Hubbard, Mildred Hill, Kathleen Bruce, Evelyn Stiles, Elsie Stokes, Laura Rutherford, Bernard Wilcox, Margaret Shields, Lina Shields, May Lindsey, Louise Price, Isabelle Jones, Margaret McGuire, Gretta

—Singer Sewing Machines.

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## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 426.

## LETTY'S GLOBE.

By TURNER.

Charles Tennyson Turner, brother of Tennyson, the poet laureate, was born July 4, 1808. He was graduated from the University of Cambridge in 1832. He was for many years Vice-Chancellor of Lincolnshire. He took the name of Turner to meet the requirements of a will made by a relative. He and Alfred together wrote "Poems by Two Brothers." He died April 26, 1870.

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,  
And her young, artless words began to flow,  
One day we gave the child a colored sphere  
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know  
By tint and outline all its sea and land.  
She patted all the world; old empires peeped  
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand  
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped  
And laughed and prattled in her pride of bliss!  
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye  
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,  
"Oh, yes! I see it—Letty's home is there!"  
And while she hid all England with a kiss  
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1904. One is published each day.

McGuire, Elizabeth Weddell, Mrs. Thomas P. McGuire, Mary Buford, Helen Gary, Frances Swain, Zaida Brown, Fannie Miller, Mary Camp, Helen Daniel, Berta Pleasant, Elizabeth Bentley, Laura Jones, Mary Jordan, Fannie Scott, Bunnie Scott, Jennie Anderson, Dorothy Talbot, Elizabeth Jones, Mamie Bartlett and Fannie McKee.

## Colonial Dames' Meeting.

The Colonial Dames held their February meeting in the home of Mrs. J. Taylor Elyson, No. 10 East Frank Street. After the business meeting refreshments were served, the dining-room decorations being in jonquille an daisies to carry out the color scheme of yellow and blue. Mrs. Claiborne, the president, presided at the meeting and received good reports from the various officers and committees. A large number of ladies were present.

## Runnells-Dudley.

Miss Florence Dudley, of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. W. B. Runnells, formerly of Norfolk, but now of the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., were married Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride, Mrs. J. Taylor Elyson, No. 10 East Frank Street, Norfolk. The Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer, of Christ P. Church, officiating.

## C. M. L. S. Meeting.

The monthly meeting of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society held yesterday, with Mrs. Stephen Putney in the chair. At the Virginia room had given \$25 towards the work of publication, which is progressing satisfactorily. Miss Emma Scott, from Texas, announced that the enthusiasm of the "Texas Daughters of the Confederacy" in that State was unabated, and that the State had given a handsome room in the Capitol at Austin, where Confederate relics might be deposited. A number of papers on the subject of the war will be unveiled in the Texas room at the Confederate Museum, this city, as soon as proper arrangements are completed.

## Present Former Clerk's Portrait.

Mr. W. L. Sheppard's portrait of the late George Keith Taylor, for twenty-five years clerk of the Supreme Court, is now in the clerk's office of the court, and will be formally presented to the court next week by Judge L. L. Lewis, former president of the court. It is a life-size oil work of the veteran clerk, paid for by subscriptions from members of the court and other friends, and admirers of Mr. Taylor. Judge James Keith, president of the court, will accept the portrait.

## Mr. Allan a Member.

Mr. Edgar Allan, Jr., a well known young Republican of this city, has been invited to serve as a member of the floor committee of the inaugural ball at Washington, March 4th.

## Entertainment at the Beattie.

Washington's birthday was most appropriately celebrated at "The Beattie," No. 28 Courthouse Square, yesterday. Mr. Joseph Reynolds was the genial host of a happy occasion, in which a number of his juvenile and more mature friends participated.

The children assembled in the front yard to sing the "American March" and other national songs. After the singing, two and two into the dining-room, and after dancing to their hearts' content, were bidden to a feast of good things, which all the people also enjoyed.

The children in character costume included Miss Ruth Hutchinson as North; Miss Ruth Caldwell as South; Miss Anna Blount as East; and Miss Brown Burch as West. President Roosevelt and Vice-President-elect Fairbanks were represented respectively by Miss Ruth Caldwell and Miss Viola Ullman. The costumes were very effective, colonial and American colors being beautifully blended.

The dining table was gay with flags and beautiful and appropriate favors. Among those present were Mrs. S. Reynolds, Mrs. J. L. Johnson, Mrs. Moulton, of Baltimore; Mrs. B. Ullman, Mrs. P. Caldwell, Miss A. B. Kirk and Mr. and Mrs. J. Reynolds.

**Mr. Powell's Piano Recital.**

Interest in the piano recital to be given tomorrow evening by Mr. John H. Powell in the audience rooms of the Woman's Club continues to grow, and the occasion promises to be very brilliant. In order that the best plans may be secured for all parts of the house ladies are requested not to wear hats.

The following programme will be rendered by Mr. Powell:

1. Sonata, Op. 9 (Beethoven), Andante con variazioni, Scherzo, marche, J. F. Schumann, 2. (a) Study for Folia (Schumann), arranged by John H. Powell, (b) Preambule, from the carnival (Schu-

mann), (c) Nocturne, D flat maj. (Chopin), (d) Valse, E min. (Chopin), (e) Etude, F flat maj. (Chopin), (f) Etude, G flat (Chopin), (g) Nocturne, G maj. (Rubenstein), (h) Etude, E maj. (Rubenstein), (i) Romance, F min. (Tcherepnin), (j) Valse de Salon (F. C. Hall), (k) Humoresque (Liszt), (l) Intermezzo in Octaves (Liszt), (m) Scherzo Diabelli (J. H. Powell), (n) Henriette (J. H. Powell), (o) Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 8 (Liszt).

## Personal Mention.

Miss Cole, of Woodville, Albemarle county, is stopping with her cousin, Mrs. J. H. Powell.

The Newport News Times-Herald of Tuesday says: "The Ladies' Society will entertain a few friends at dinner this evening in honor of Miss Robins, of Richmond, and Miss Dickson, of Fredericksburg."

Miss Emma Thomas has returned to Richmond from Newport News, where she has been having a delightful time as the guest of Mrs. Richard Henderson and the Misses French.

The American Art News of February 18th says: "Mr. Elliott Dunsinger is still busy on his new painting, 'The Virgin, in Forty-sixth Street.' Two panels, 'The Angel of the Annunciation' and 'The Angel of the Resurrection,' for the altar end of the chapel, will be placed by Easterday."

Miss Janie Wingo is at home again, after being the guest of Mrs. Bowen in Newport News.

Miss Bessie Hunter, who has been visiting Mrs. Edgar Venable, of Farmville, for some weeks, has remained over for the intermediate entertainments at Hampden-Sidney.

Miss Salmon, of New York, who has been in Virginia for some months, is spending this week in Lynchburg, Va.

Friends of Mr. Leslie Jennings regret to know that he continues ill at the Virginia Hospital with pneumonia.

Miss Marion Forbes, of the Woman's College, has been called to Buckingham by illness in the family of Mr. P. A. Forbes.

Mrs. John R. Moss, of Buckingham, has been at St. Luke's Hospital, under the care of Dr. Stuart McGuire, and improved sufficiently to return home.

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## THE DARROW ENIGMA.

By MELVIN L. SEVERY.

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## CHAPTER I—Continued.

When Miss Davenport shrieks in "Edora," the shriek is literal—real, you would call it—and you find yourself instinctively saying, "Don't—don't!" and wishing you were out of the house. When Mr. Booth, as "Shylock" shrieks at "Tubal's" news, the cry it not real, is not literal, but is suggestive, and you see at once the fiendish gleam of which it is the expression. The difference between the two is the difference between vocal cords and gray matter.

"But surely!" I rejoined, "one doesn't want untruth; one wants—" but he did not let me finish.

"Always that cry of truth!" he retorted. "Do you not see how absurd it is, as used by your exponents of realism? With a bit of charcoal some Raphael draws a face with five lines, and some photographer snaps a camera at the same face. Which would any sane man choose as the best work of art? The five-line face, of course."

"The work of a camera, untruth! Is it not more accurate in drawing, more subtle in gradation than the less mechanical picture? To be sure, what, then, makes the superiority of the few lines of our Raphael? That which makes the superiority of the artist—the truth, not on a low, but on a high plane; its power of interpreting. See!" he said, fairly glowing with excitement. "What does your eye see as a masterpiece? It has reached that never-to-be-attained perfection which is the lifelong Mecca of his desires? He gives you by his absolutely realistic picture, as to Yosemite Valley, and you stand before his canvas and enjoy it as you would Nature herself if there. Surely, you say, nothing more could be desired, and you clap your hands and shout, 'Bravo!' But wait a bit; the other side is yet to be heard from. What does the true artist do for you by his picture of a free conveyance to it, but he goes with you, and interprets its grandeur to you. He translates into the language of your consciousness the spectacle which he has seen, and you would entirely miss it. It is this very capability of seeing more in Nature than is ever perceived by the common throng, that constitutes the special genius of the artist, and a work that is not aglow with its creator's personality—personality, mind you, not coarse realism, but a certain masterly touch. But, come, this won't do. Why did you want to get me astride my hobby?"

"I thought it advisable to answer this question by asking another, as I said: 'but how about Davenport? Will you go?'"

"Yes," he replied. "Anything with a Cleopatra to it interests me. I'll go now, and about the tickets." And he left me.

I have related Maitland's aesthetic views as expressed to me upon the occasion, not because they have any particular bearing upon the mystery I am narrating, but because they cast a strong light upon the young man's character. His personality is so sufficiently strong and unique to be of general interest.

We went that same night to see "Sardau's Cleopatra," as he called it. Maitland how he liked the piece, and the only reply he vouchsafed was: "I have recently read Shakespeare's treatment of the same theme."

## CHAPTER II.

If events spread themselves out fanwise from the past into the future, then I must have known, as I have known, that the convergence toward some historical burning-point—some focal center whereat the past and the future met—was inevitable in the kinetic.

It was nearly a week after the events last narrated before I saw Maitland again, and then only on the occasion of his going to the Parker House, and as he had some business pertaining to a case he was on, to transact at the Court-house, I walked up Beacon Street, and he was in a book or stationery store, on Somerset Street, just before you turn down toward Pemberton Square. As we were passing the store, Maitland stopped, and a photographic reproduction of some picture.

"Let us cross over and see what it is," he said. We did so. It was a photograph of a young man, looking at the camera with a little smile as he read the title, and then said lightly: "Do you suppose, Doc, that Owen, in his existence, is a person like this? I've an idea she left some hieroglyphic message for me on her mummy-case, and doesn't propose to make any say until I find and translate it. Now, if I believed in transmigration of souls—do you see any mark of Antony about me? Say, though, just imagine the spirit of Antony in this fellow, and you'll see what a queer fellow he is. But here we are; goodbye!" and he left me without awaiting any reply. He seemed to me to be a better man, a more intelligent man, than I was at the time at a loss to account for it. The cause of his leaving, however, was soon explained for the man, as given by his sister, and I was sitting crossly in the study according to our usual custom, Maitland walked in, unannounced. He had come now to the point where he had to make a few surreptitious to get him to call even often, rather than he otherwise would, for I perceived that his coming gave pleasure to the man, no longer a thing of it. The heart beats stolidly under its load, and seems to forget the time when it was not so oppressed. No one knows better than we physicians the danger of this sort of thing. I had learned that there was one of those deep natures in which grief never is allowed to find a release, but a quivering persistence. Instead of her forgetting her bereavement, or the sense thereof waxing weaker by time, she seemed to be drifting onward, and toward the conclusion of her life, in which the soul feels itself gradually, but surely, sinking under an insupportable burden—a burden long borne, so well known, that the heart beats stolidly under its load, and seems to forget the time when it was not so oppressed. No one knows better than we physicians the danger of this sort of thing. 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